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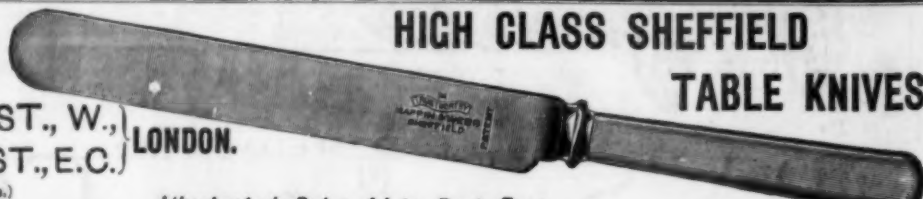
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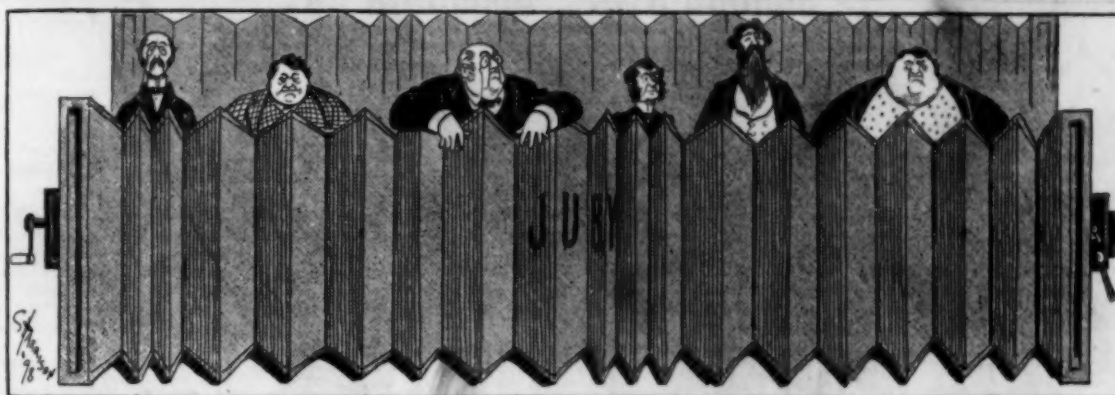
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["Juryman are crowded into a box so limited in space that they are hardly able to cross their legs."—*Globe*.]

WHY NOT HAVE AN EXPANDING JURY BOX ON THE CONCERTINA PRINCIPLE, AS ABOVE! TAKE ANY SIZE JURYMAN. SUGGESTION GRATIS

DARBY JONES ON TURF RUFFIANISM AND THE EBOR HANDICAP.

HONOURED SIR,—Ever since Horse-Racing was established in this country, and that is going back several centuries, the Princely Pastime has attracted not only the Favour of the Great and Good, but also the Attention of those Unprincipled Ruffians who stick at No Crime, if so be that they can see their way to Trowsering more or less Filthy Lucre. The *Daily Telegraph*, after issuing considerably over Fifteen Thousand Numbers of its smart and news-giving sheets, has suddenly tumbled to the fact that Roughts exist upon the Turf. It required no CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS, LIVINGSTONE, STANLEY, or NANSEN, to discover this,—but all honour to the *D. T.* for being bold enough to show that a very Old Sore is nevertheless in want of some Healing Treatment, and that without delay. But the various Amateur Doctors, who propose drastic measures in the Largest Circulation for curing the Evil and cite Vivid Examples of the growth of the Pestilence, appear to forget that the Remedy really rests with the Racegoers themselves. Take, for instance, Goodwood, the most Select and Fashionable Assemblage in the whole world barring, perhaps, Ascot. It is held in a Ducal Park, remote from a Railway Station, and yet I will guarantee to say that no gathering is more saturated with the Scum and Dregs of Depraved Humanity than is this first meeting of the Sussex Fortnight.

The True Tales of Brigandage that I could relate in this connection would make the Bishop of the Diocese tremble in his Episcopal Palace. And the Robbers do not practice their art under the Cover of Night, but boldly pursue their malpractices under the eyes of Phœbus Apollo and the observance of the Policemen on so-called Duty. Why, honoured Sir, even I have had my Pockets rifled immediately opposite the Grand Stand, not by the Sly Pickpocket, but by a Band of Snatchers, who, getting me off my legs from Front and Back, have run the Rule over me like so many Carpenters. On one occasion the scoundrels relieved me of a Canvas Bank Bag containing, alas! fifty golden Sovereigns. In less time than it takes me to write this, they had appropriated my Hard-earned Winnings, and, adding Insult to Injury, returned the empty bag, which

was stamped with the name of a philanthropist of world-wide fame. Of what use was it for me to kick and yell for Assistance when I was lifted aloft like *Tom Bowling* of Ballad Fame? The Constable whom I subsequently addressed on the subject, Caustically and Cruelly remarked that I ought to have known better than to have carried so much money with me, and asked for a Description of the Thieves. Merry Wags are these Policemen sometimes! This is only a Solitary Incident, and I mention it merely to show that the Banditti do not hold up only the Innocent and Unsuspecting, but also Old-timers like myself. I believe that the Underwriters at Lloyd's will insure against almost any loss, but he would be a rash Lloyd's man who guaranteed a visitor to Goodwood against bushrangers. A worthy Inspector from Scotland Yard, now no more, once told me that he had noted 999 Years of Penal Servitude walking about on the Course.

But I have digressed. Let me suggest a Nostrum. It is no secret that the Duke of RICHMOND AND GORDON does not permit the meeting to be held in his Beautiful Park from purely Philanthropic Motives. A certain Grove may be Birdless, but on such occasions the Oof Fowl wings it to Goodwood House. You don't get on to the Lawn or into the Paddock by showing your Visiting Card. Clearly, then, his Grace is morally, if not legally, bound to protect his Patrons.

And now, Sir, to breezy York, whereof the Archbishop signs himself "EBOR," no doubt out of compliment to the famous Handicap, now somewhat shorn of its glory, but still a Record Contest. After recklessly regaling my Muse on Yorkshire Beef, Yorkshire Hams, and Yorkshire Grouse, I warble:—

*The Ocean that Waltzes I will not advise,
For the Jersey Costume I prefer.*

*Bad Antler may give us a sorry surprise
When the African Liner won't stir.*

*But the Born Charioter I prefer for a place,
Not forgetting the Warrior's might.*

*Yet the Lock near to Florence should certainly race
And succumb to the Fowl on the Flight.*

May my vaticination provide powder and shot for the Partridges on the First to you and other Honourable Patrons, who were strangely forgetful on the 12th of this Month of Your trusty Tyke,

DARBY JONES.

TIPS FOR TRAVELLERS.

TODDLEKINS is anxious to take his family to Mars this summer, and inquires where he can hire a speedy balloon for the purpose. He is anxious to know whether he can obtain golf there, and also whether the roads are good for bicycling. He is recommended to apply for information to the Astronomer-Royal. But why should Toddlekina trouble to go so far afield? He would be sure to find congenial society in the neighbourhood of Hanwell, and by selecting this spot as his destination, the expense of a return-ticket would be saved.

ANXIOUS MOTHER.—So glad that you intend taking your dear ten children to Poppleton-on-Sea for three weeks' change of air. And all that you tell me about TIMOTHY's pet rabbit and SELINA's last attack of measles is so deeply interesting. Unfortunately I cannot answer all your questions myself, but I will print them here, so that some of my kind readers may be able to assist you. You want to know, in regard to Poppleton—

(1) Whether the pavements (if any) are stone or asphalt.

(2) What is the mean temperature, the annual rain-fall, and the death-rate.

(3) What are the Rector's "views," and if there is a comfortable pew in the church, out of draughts, calculated to hold eleven.

(4) What time the shops at Poppleton close on Saturdays.

DEBIOUS.—As you say, it is difficult to make up one's mind where to spend the holidays, because there are so many places from which to choose. And you were so wise to write and ask me to give you the name of one single place which I could thoroughly recommend, and so save you all further worry. How about Brighton, Hastings, Eastbourne, Bexhill, Seaford, Cowes, Weymouth, Exmouth, Penzance, Lynton, or Tenby? I am delighted to give you this real and valuable help!

PICNIC-PARTY.—You have my full sympathy. It is most churlish of riparian owners to refuse to allow strangers to land on their property. Fancy any one objecting to having his lawn covered with broken bottles and paper bags!

OWNER.—I feel deeply for you. The way in which trippers on the river invade riverside gardens is outrageous. The bags and pieces of glass they leave about must be a gross disfigurement to your lawn.



"MARRIAGE LINES."

"SURE SUCH A PAIR WERE NEVER SEEN
SO JUSTLY FORMED TO MEET—BY STATUTE."

(Fancy Subject, representing the Union of Hearts and Hands between Mr. L. O. & D. Co. and Miss S.-E. Railway, in the presence of the Presiding Genius.)

FEEDING UP TO DATE.

No longer let the butcher gay
Deck out his festive shop;
No longer let the cook display
His appetising chop;
For Doctor Some One says that he
Has found a substitute, you see;
So meat as food in future we
Must drop.

The dishes that were once our joy
The Doctor now doth ban;
No more the tasty saveloy
Shall sputter in the pan;
The tender chick, the juicy steak,
The cutlet brown we must forsake—
The Doctor's tabloids only make
A man.

To think what folk will come to! Meat!
Is decency all fled,
That human men should ever eat
A horrid cow that's dead?
No! no! let others feast their fill
On luscious morsels from the grill—
We take a lozenge or a pill
Instead.

When to their City banquets throng
Fat aldermen in scores,
To listen to orations long
By after-dinner bores,
We, all ethereal as a star,
Our capsule take, and there we are!
All coarser meats we leave to car-
nivores.

We do not toss through restless nights
In Indigestion's spasm;
We do not see wild nightmare sights
And shriek like one that "has 'em";
We eat not lobster salad—no!
Nor foie gras when to bed we go,
We merely sip a drop of pro-
toplasm.

Our pills are perfect, for you see,
All foodstuffs they contain,
According to the Doctor, we
Can ne'er be ill again;
And yet I sometimes think a meal
Would somehow make me seem more real—
At times I almost long to feel
A pain.

THE PROMOTER'S VADE MECUM.

(Subject to Revision after the Vacation.)

Question. What is meant by the promo-
tion of a company?

Answer. The process of separating capi-
tal from its possessors.

Q. How is this end accomplished?

A. By the preparation and publication
of a prospectus.

Q. Of what does a prospectus consist?

A. A front page and a statement of
facts.

Q. Define a front page.

A. The bait covering the hook, the lane
leading to the pitfall, the lath concealing
the quagmire—occasionally.

Q. Of what is a front page composed?

A. Titles, and other suggestions of res-
pectability.

Q. How are these suggestions obtained?

A. In the customary fashion.

Q. Can a banking account be put to any
particular service in the promotion of a
company?

A. Certainly; it eases the wheels in all
directions.

Q. Can it obtain the good-will of the
Press?

A. Only of questionable and usually
short-lived periodicals.



Snooks (to new acquaintance). TELL YER WHAT, LOOK IN ONE EVENIN' AND AVE A BIT
OF SUPPER, IF YOU DON'T MIND AVIN' IT IN THE KITCHEN. YER SEE, WE'RE PLAIN
PEOPLE, AND DON'T PUT ON NO SIDE. OF COURSE, I KNOW AS A TOFF LIKE YOU 'UD AVE
IT IN THE DRAWING-ROOM!

Q. But the destination of the cash
scarcely affects the promoter?

A. No; for he loses in any case.

Q. How much of his profits does he some-
times have to disgorge?

A. According to circumstances, from
three-fifths to nineteen-twentieths of his
easily-acquired takings.

Q. And what does promotion do for the
promoter?

A. It usually bestows upon him tempo-
rary prosperity.

Q. Why do you say "temporary"?

A. Because a pleasant present is fre-
quently followed by a disastrous future.

Q. You mean, then, that this prosperity
is like the companies promoted, "limited"?

A. Yes, by the Court of Bankruptcy.

THE TIME OF ROSES.

("Sir WILLIAM VERNON HARCOURT travelled to
Hertford in a saloon carriage decorated with
roses."—Daily Paper.)

To Hertford town there travelled down
Our own, our sweet Sir W.

Most honoured knight, while all was bright,
Did really nothing trouble you?

The roses fair were everywhere,
And you were passing merry;

Did you forget one floweret,
The rose that bears a berry?

APPROPRIATE FACT.—MR. POWELL, hav-
ing won the Wingfield Sculls, is now Ama-
teur Head lad on the river.

AN IDYLIC ISLAND.

WHEN we came to Amsterdam, we determined, PASHLEY, SHIRTLIFF and I, that we would take the earliest opportunity of seeing Marken. Wonderful place, by all accounts. Little island, only two miles from mainland, full of absolutely unsophisticated inhabitants. Most of them have never left Marken—no idea of the world beyond it! Everybody contented and

being treated like a show. *We* shouldn't like it ourselves!

That may be, but, as PASHLEY retorts, it's the Markeners' own fault. They shouldn't be so beastly picturesque.

Fine buxom girl approaches, carrying pail. On closer view, not precisely a girl—in fact, a matron of mature years. These long, brown side-curls deceptive at a distance, impression, as she passes, of a kind of Dutch "Little Toddlekens"; view of

copybooks with children's exercises. "Capital; so neatly written!" What is she trying to make us understand? Oh, in Winter, the sea comes in above the level of the waincot. "Really? How very convenient!" We don't mean this, but we are so anxious to please and be pleased, that our enthusiasm is degenerating into drivel. Girl by the window contemplates us with growing contempt; and no wonder. High time we went.

Little Toddlekens at the end of her tether; looks at us as if to imply that she has done *her* part. Next move must come from us. PASHLEY consults us in an undertone. "Perhaps, after all, she does expect, eh? What do *we* think? Would half a gulden—What?"

Personally, I think it *might*, but SHIRTLIFF won't hear of it. "Certainly not. On no account! At all events, he'll be no party to it. He will simply thank her, shake hands, and walk out." Which he does. I do the same. He may be right, and anyhow, if one of us is to run the risk of offending this matron's delicacy by the offer of a gratuity, PASHLEY will do it better than I. PASHLEY overtakes us presently, looking distinctly uncomfortable. "Did he tip her?" "Yes, he tipped her." "And she hung it after you!" cries SHIRTLIFF, in triumph. "I know she would! Now I hope you're satisfied!"

"If I am, it's more than *she* was," says PASHLEY. "She stuck to it all right, but she let me see it was nothing like what she'd expected for the three of us."

SHIRTLIFF silent but unconvinced. However, as we go on, we see a beckoning forefinger at almost every door and window. Every Markenier anxious that we should walk into his little parlour—and pay for the privilege. All of them, as PASHLEY disgustedly observes, "On the make"; got some treasured heirloom that



"Fishermen strolling about in baggy black knickerbockers."

equal; costumes quaint; manners simple and dignified. Sort of Arcadia, with dash of Utopia.

And here we are—actually at Marken, just landed by sailing-boat from Monnickendam.

All is peaceful and picturesque. Scattered groups of little black cottages with scarlet roofs, on mounds. Fishermen strolling about in baggy black knickerbockers, woollen stockings, and wooden shoes.

Women and girls all dressed alike, in crimson bodice and embroidered skirt; little cap with one long brown curl dangling coquettishly in front of each ear. Small children—miniature replicas of their elders—wander lovingly, hand in hand. A few urchins dart off at our approach, like startled fawns, and disappear amongst the cottages. Otherwise, our arrival attracts no attention.

The women go on with their outdoor work, cleaning their brilliant brass and copper, washing and hanging out their bright-hued cotton and linen garments, with no more than an occasional shy side-glance at us from under their tow-coloured fringes. "Perfectly unconscious," as SHIRTLIFF observes, enthusiastically, "of how unique and picturesque and idyllic they are!"

All the more wonderful, because excursion steamers run every day during the season from Amsterdam.

We walk up and down rough steps and along narrow, winding alleys. SHIRTLIFF says he "feels such a bounder, going about staring at everything as if he was at Earl's Court." Thinks the Markeners must hate

broad back and extensive tract of fat, bare neck under small cap. She turns round and intimates by expressive pantomime that her cottage is close by, and if we would care to inspect the interior, we are heartily welcome. Uncommonly friendly of her. PASHLEY and I are inclined to accept, but SHIRTLIFF dubious—we may have misunderstood her. We really can't go crowding in like a parcel of trippers!

Little Toddlekens, however, quite keen about it; sees us hesitate, puts down pail and beckons us on round corner with crooked forefinger, like an elderly Siren. How different this simple, hearty hospitality from the sort of reception foreigners would get from an English fishwife! We can't refuse, or we shall hurt her feelings. "But whatever we do," urges SHIRTLIFF, "we mustn't dream of offering her money. She'd be most tremendously insulted."

Of course, we quite understand that. It would be simply an outrage. We uncover, and enter, apologetically. Inside, an elderly fisherman is sitting by the hearth mending a net; a girl is leaning in graceful, negligent attitude against table by window. Neither of them takes the slightest notice of us, which is embarrassing. Afraid we really are intruding. However, our hostess—good old soul—has a natural tact and kindness that soon put us at our ease. Shows us everything. Curained recesses in wall, where they go to bed. "Very curious—so comfortable!" Delft plates and painted shelves and cupboards. "Most decorative!" Caps and bodices worn by females of the family. "Charming; such artistic colour!" School



"Little Toddlekens quite keen about it."

has been in the family without intermission for six months, and that they would be willing to part with, if pressed, for a

consideration. We don't press them; in fact, we are obliged at last to decline their artless invitations—to their unconcealed disgust. Nice people, very, but can't afford to know too many of them.

"At least the children are unspoilt," says SHIRTLIFF, as we come upon a couple of chubby infants, walking solemnly hand in hand as usual. He protests, when PASHLEY insists on presenting them with a cent, or one fifth of an English penny, apiece. "Why demoralise them, why instil the love of money into their innocent minds?" SHIRTLIFF wants to know.

Fancy we have compromised all claims at last. No; Marken infantry still harassing our rear. What more do they want? It appears that we have not paid the baby, which is an important extra on these occasions, and which they carry after us in state as an unsatisfied creditor and a powerful appeal to our consciences. Adult Markeners come out, and seem to be exchanging remarks (with especial reference to SHIRTLIFF, who is regarded as the chief culprit) on the meanness that is capable of balking an innocent baby.

"What I like about Marken," says PASH-

"Oh, that will have to be paid by the Mother Country," was the prompt answer. And so the Cabinet Minister is left considering. And if it comes to that, so is the Mother Country.

A RIVERIE.

(By the Bard in Chambers.)

OUTSIDE this spot
'Tis scorching hot.
Branch-shaded boat
In which we float,
Then idly dream
And watch the stream.
A cigarette
With you, my pet,
Content to rest
At ease, and best
Of all to see
You close to me.

'Tis afternoon,
And will be soon
The time for tea;—

But woe is me!
The pictures fade,
No shady glade
Above me grows,
No river flows
Beneath my feet,
And you, my sweet,
Have also flown;
I am alone,—

Alone, in gloom,
In this dull room,
Surrounded by
A pile of dry
Dull legal works
In which there lurks
A certain case
Which I must trace,
And bring to light
The wrong and right,
And override
The other side.



"Sternly demanding five cents a head."

He is delighted when they exhibit no sort of emotion on being thus enriched. It shows, he says, that, as yet, they have no conception what money means.

The pair have toddled off towards a gathering of older children, and PASHLEY, who has brought a Kodak, wonders if he can induce them to stay as they are while he takes a snapshot. SHIRTLIFF protests again. Only spoil them, make them conceited and self-conscious, he maintains.

But the children have seen the Kodak, and are eager to be taken. One of them produces a baby from neighbouring cottage, and they arrange themselves instinctively in effective group by a fence.

PASHLEY delighted. "Awfully intelligent little beggars!" he says. "They seem to know exactly what I want."

They also know exactly what they want, for the moment they hear the camera click, they make a rush at us, sternly demanding five cents a head for their services.

SHIRTLIFF very severe with them; not one copper shall they have from him; not a matter of pence, but principle, and they had better go away at once. They don't; they hustle him, and some of the taller girls nudge him viciously in the ribs with sharp elbows, as a hint that "an immediate settlement is requested." PASHLEY and I do the best we can, but we soon come to the end of our Dutch coins. However, no doubt English pennies will— Not a bit of it! Even the chubby infants don't consider them legal tender here, and reject them with open scorn.

LEY, when we are safely on board our sailing boat, to which we have effected a rather ignominious retreat, "what I like about Marken is the beautiful simplicity and unworldliness of the natives. Didn't that strike you, SHIRTLIFF?"

We gather from SHIRTLIFF's reply that he failed to observe these characteristics.

"WHAT PRICE PATRIOTISM?"

(A Note of Proceedings picked up near the Admiralty during the Recess.)

THE deputation was introduced.

"Yes," said the first Enthusiast, "there is no doubt that men in thousands might be obtained."

"Very good indeed," replied the Cabinet Minister.

"And then forts might be erected in all directions," said a second spokesman.

"Capital!" responded the representative of the Government.

"And then guns and ammunition could be supplied with limitless celerity," shouted a third.

"Admirable!" was again the commentary.

Then came a silence. The eloquent orator for the moment was exhausted. The Statesman "hemmed" and "hahed" for a moment.

"And how about the cost?" he ventured to suggest at last.



GR*

THE MUSCOVITE "W. G."

A Fancy Portrait by a Russian Artist.

[According to a correspondent of the Standard, the Moscow Gazette says that "Dr. W. G. GRACI will be long known as the champion player at Croquet!"]



First Girl. "I WAS IN FRONT LAST NIGHT, DEAR, TO SEE YOU PLAY JULIET."

Second Girl. "YES, I KNOW YOU WERE. BUT YOU NEEDN'T HAVE TALKED SO LOUD ALL THROUGH MY BE T SCENER."

First Girl. "OH, BUT YOU MUST BE MISTAKEN, DEAR, IT COULDN'T POSSIBLY HAVE BEEN I. I NEVER TALK IN MY SLEEP!"

LE MONDE OÙ L'ON S'AFFICHE.

III.—THE AUTHOR-LECTURER.

THERE is another way that none may tread
But whose has a halo round his head;
Who, whether Nature leaves his apex bare
Or nicely coated with a wealth of hair,
Arranges, like the milking-maid, to base
The nucleus of fortune on his face.

Expressly chartered at a lordly wage,
He stands in beauty's strength upon the
stage.

Perusing to a fine and cultured crowd
His own selected efforts out aloud,
Or lecturing the literary Press
Upon the methods which command suc-

cess—
Maidens that dote and women that adore
All drinking in his charms at every pore.

Dight in a dress that suits the brilliant
scene,
Rich knickerbockers wrought of velveteen,
Or else in evening-wear whose very hem
Scarce would the London Tailor dare condemn,

Awile he poses in a weary trance
To give the wonder-stricken pit a chance,
Then, if he boasts the kind of hairy crown
Which means an extra forty dollars down,
Just runs his fingers through the wavy crop
While in the hush you hear a hair-pin drop;
Till with a studied smile of high disdain
He breaks at last the agonising strain,
Lifts up his tawny voice and lets it go,
And in a burst of passion blent with woe,

Where all the notes of nightingales occur,
Becomes (like Heaven) his own Interpreter.

There is to prophets, so I understand,
A certain charm in some one else's land;
For when our native products cross the
sea

They are devoured with more avidity.
That is to say, in doing foreign nations
The author runs to higher valuations;
His figure being only vaguely known,
They very kindly take him at his own;
Which estimate is entered in the bond
And backed by BARNUM'S or by Major
POND.

Whereas, at home, it is another case,
For there we see the prophet's frequent
face;

Perchance we have that best of annual
treats

When the Society of Authors eats;
Or find him feeding in a friendly way
At houses where you haven't got to pay.
And if from oversight, or other reason,
Patrons omit to ask him in the season,
We still may hope—most happily for us—
To brush against him in an omnibus;
Or sometimes even see him in the street
Fanning the pavement with his winged
feet;

Where anybody has a perfect right
To watch him till he trickles out of sight.
But over there, where people read his
books,

But know not, save in pictures, how he
looks,

Where still the hero draws a fancy price
For sniffing up the fumes of sacrifice,
There men will freely fling the careless
dollar

Simply to see a section of his collar,
Girding the sacred column which sustains
The beetling bulk of those abnormal
brains—

A sight that well repays the entrance-pelf,
Being an education in itself;—
Will sit on wooden planks, in mortal
anguish,

To watch the poet's lovely glances languish;
Will cross a continent's complete expanse,
To scan the brow that schemed the brave
romance;

And die of suffocation just to wring
The veritable hand that wrote the thing.

Thus may be worked, with small expense
of wit,

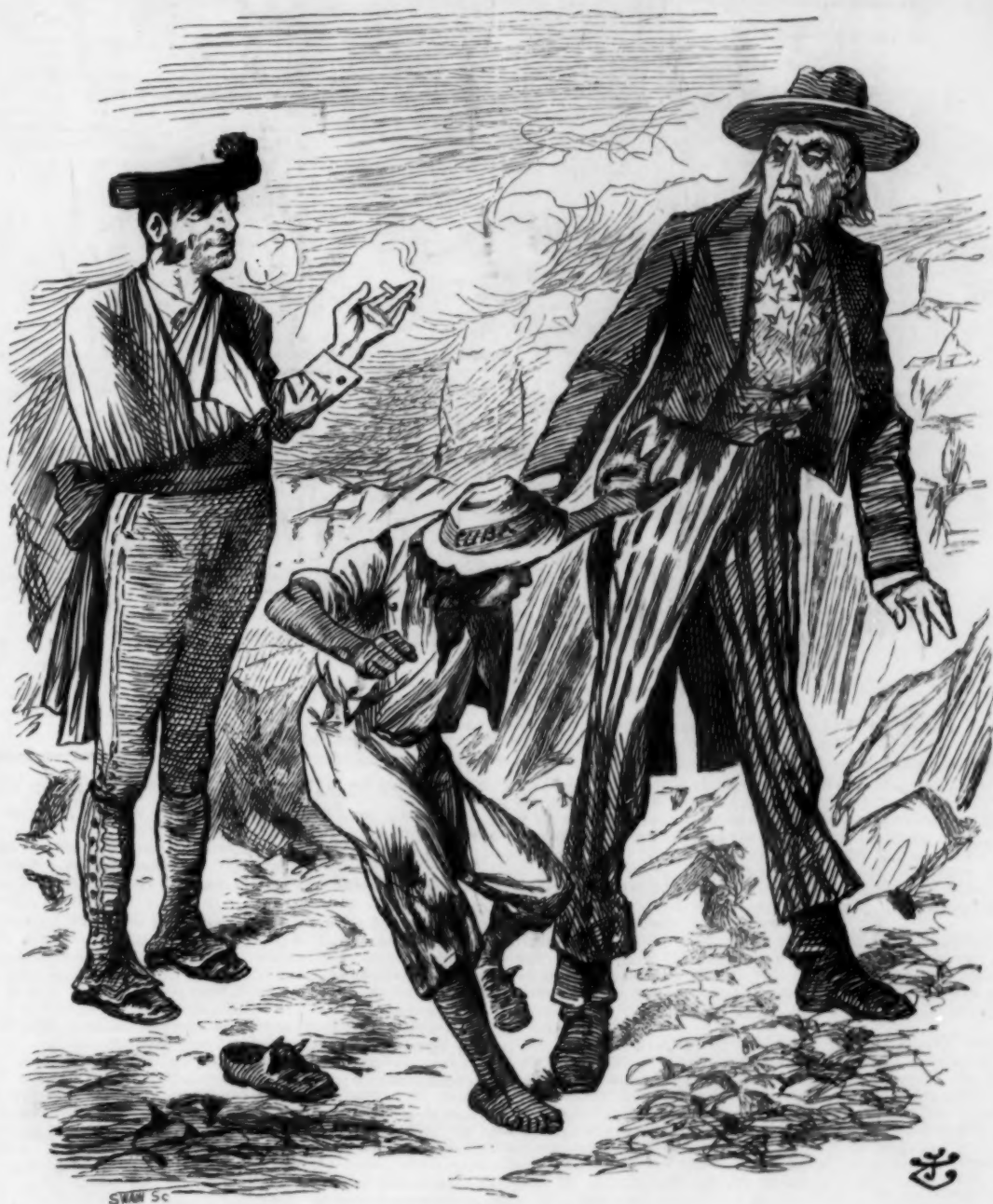
The Man-and-Author's Mutual Benefit;
For such as read the latter's verse or prose
Will take a stall to view the former's nose;
While those that pay to see the Man's
complexion

Will go and buy the Author's whole col-
lection.

What wonder, then, if, there across the
main,

RICHARD LE NARCISSE* is himself again,
And tansured ANTHONY, our only Hope,
With this temptation really could not cope.

* "Un narcissé—One who is enamoured of
himself."—Dict. Fr.



PEACE!—AND AFTER?

SPAIN (to UNCLE SAM). "WELL, YOU WANTED HIM! YOU'VE GOT HIM! AND I WISH YOU JOY OF HIM!!"



THE END OF THE WORLD

THE END OF THE WORLD

THE END OF THE WORLD



ON THE SANDS AT OSTEND.

Master Tom (knowledge of French—nil). "I say, do I call you MADAM, or MADYMOISELLE?"
 Mademoiselle. "WHEN ONE DOES NOT KNOW, ONE SAYS MADAME, N'EST CE PAS, MONSIEUR!"

AS NOW WORN; OR, THE CENTS' ARBITER OF FASHION.

Now that the Golden Youth, it appears, have their own fashion-paper, it is quite incumbent on *Mr. Punch* to publish a column for the guidance of the inexperienced in the all-important matter of male costume. Every one being now out of town, the following remarks are chiefly for the benefit of seaside and country readers:—

DEAR BASIL,—Silk hats may now be put away for a few weeks. The black cloth band should be removed, as it has had its day, and a *cordon noir* of silk, exactly one-and-a-quarter inch in width, should be substituted. Oil the *chapeau* slightly and wrap in tissue paper. With a little care it may be made to do for the Autumn. If the edges are worn, they may be very successfully renovated with Messrs. RAMONEURS' Brim-Blackener. I do not recommend for this purpose the eye-brow grease-paint used by actresses, as this has a tendency to come off in a shower, and it is as well to avoid having sable streaks across one's countenance. See that your head-gear is well blocked before being put away for the recess, as it may be required for a school-treat or a sudden emergency, and an accordion shape is not favoured in the best circles. I prophesy that next winter's *mode* will be the *castor américain*.

Fashion still smiles on the straw-hat, and has temporarily relegated the bowler to the background. I saw a charming *chapeau de paille* the other day worn by a *débutant* on the East-bourne Esplanade. The straw was in two thicknesses, *jaune* on the upper side of the brim, and *verte* underneath, casting a very becoming green shade over his complexion. A *risqué* note was added to this confection. I noticed the vivid scarlet and green colours of the best of the Bohemian Clubs peeping through a slit in the black ribbon round the hat.

Cravates are worn this season as usual round the neck. Some of the best-dressed *mondains* are having them made of beige or foulard in the new *choufleur* design. Do not let them ruck over the back of the collar. This is too *négligé*. They may be pinned

on to the front of the shirt, though this rather spoils the look of the shirt-front, if you require it for evening-dress. It is as well, therefore, always to have a spare clean shirt, and this should not be beyond the means of the fashionable aspirant.

If your collars or shirts are at all frayed at the edges, have them neatly trimmed. You can generally beg or borrow a pair of nail-scissors for this purpose. Iron-mould spots should always be carefully aspinalled in a dead white tint. It is almost impossible then for them to be detected.

Frock-coats, at this time of the year, should be sprinkled with pepper or camphor (to keep away the moth) and stowed away securely. No *clubbiste* who is *bien mis* will appear on the sands or elsewhere in public in such a garment combined with white flannels and a straw hat. Yet, I regret to say, I have seen this done.

Now is the time to use Messrs. KNICK-NACKS' Patent Anti-bag Trouser-stretchers. Truly wonderful effects are sometimes produced by these invaluable accessories to a genteel wardrobe. Never be seen with worn-out and unravelled trouser-ends. Let them invariably be repaired by the local snip. Do not, however, start on a round of visits without an extra ten-and-sixpenny pair. Borrowed continuations somehow never look well.

Knickerbockers are not without their advantages. They can readily be constructed out of unmentionables that have seen their day, and may sometimes be very effectively patched, so as to look like riding-breeches. This gives the distinguished appearance, which no modern *élégant* can afford to neglect.

I have some useful wrinkles on cummerbunds, hat-guards, and paper cuffs, also a marvellous recipe for removing the shiny look from cloth, but I regret that considerations of space prevent me giving them at present.

So, much against my will, I bring this interesting letter to a conclusion—for the present. Man has at length found his destiny—to dress. With sincere regards, Yours ruralising,

By the sad sea waves.

(Please don't forward.)

ZEDWHYTES.



"THE PRIVATE SECRETARY" AT THE FOREIGN OFFICE.

The Rev. Arthur Balfour. "Do you know, we're taking quite a dislike to you! If you go on pushing in this rude way we shall really have to hunt you dreadfully! I don't know that we shouldn't have to take another harbour somewhere!"

SPORTIVE SONGS.

An Indolent Fellow proposes himself to a Brisk Damsel, and deploras his constitutional inactivity.

I NEVER was a restless man, I was impatient to be up and toil, I always walked when others ran, They finished up when I began, I simmered while they yearned to boil.

I never was an ardent swain To urge my suit with cries and tears, I played at "cut and come again" And never felt the secret pain That fills the heart with hopes and fears.

I never was the one to go And mix with speculative cares, The Stock Exchange I do just know By sight, but that is all; and so I never trouble "bulls" or "bears." I've never climbed an Alpine peak, Or in a foot-race tried my stride,

Or rowed a match. I am too weak

To venture on athletic freaks.

I never walk when I can ride.

In short, I am a languid sloth,

And still a lazy loon I'll be;

But you have much enough for both,

You've energy, good looks, and youth.

Had rhyme, but good enough for me.

No more, sweetheart, R.S.V.P.?

THE HAND OF FATE.

(A Dialogue about To-morrow.)

Somebody at a "Sale of Work" at the

Palace. Palmist discovered "doing" an

Enquirer.

Enquirer. Yes, it is certainly true that I

have seen it several times. Had the measles

and hooping-cough as a child.

Palmist. And you are very fond of company,

though sometimes prefer to be at

home. I mean, you like seclusion.

Enquirer. Yes, I think so. At least, sometimes.

Palmist. And you are very generous, but cautious. And you do not sufficiently appreciate your talents. Yes, you are very clever.

Enquirer. Well—really—I don't know. But can't you tell me of the future?

Palmist. Yes; I see you are going to have a journey shortly.

Enquirer. Strange. I have promised to go to a dinner in Bayswater this evening.

Palmist. And you are to have a number of honours. You have not been knighted?

Enquirer. No, of course not.

Palmist. Well, you will be. Soon, very soon.

Enquirer. Indeed. Can you say when?

Palmist. Oh, in a year or two. And you are to be fortunate in your heart interests. You are not married?

Enquirer. Well, no—not at present.

Palmist. You will soon be. There may be some slight retard, but before you are sixty you will certainly have a wife.

Enquirer. Dear me. How strange! And I am absolutely engaged, and according to present arrangements, am to be married on Tuesday.

Palmist. Did I not say so! Ah! here is a little cross. You will lose some money. And now I am afraid I must attend to some one else.

Enquirer. Thank you so much. (Aside to himself as he retires.) Of course, the honours and the journey and the marriage were all rot. But why did she say I was going to lose some money? Of course it's all nonsense, but I wonder where and how I'm going to lose the money!

[Left pondering.]

AFTER THE HOOLEYBALOO!

["While he (Mr. Justice WRIGHT) acquitted Lord DE LA WARR of any desire to procure the debtor to give false evidence, he declared that he was not wholly guiltless of indiscretion. . . . So far as the matter of the promise of £1,000 is concerned, if Lord DE LA WARR is guilty, I have no doubt that Mr. BROADLEY is much more guilty."—Standard's Summary and Report, Thursday, August 18.]

"In love and"—business—"everything is fair,"

FOR DE LA WARR la fortune de la guerre His course towards a peaceful haven shaped; So BROADLEY who so narrowly escaped. The Hooleybaloo is over, for the present, And things all round are being made quite pleasant.

When I commit an—"indiscretion," say— Or aught for which there's the penalty to pay, May I before a Wright good Judge be brought, And then be Wrightly sentenced by the Court.

Mercy has tempered Justice. Every one Herein agrees that Justice has been done.

At Brussels.

Mrs. Trickleby (pointing to announcement in grocer's window, and spelling it out). Jambon d'York. What's that mean, Mr. T.?

Mr. T. (who is by way of being a linguist). Why, good Yorkshire preserves, of course. What did you suppose it was—Dundee marmalade?



Commander. "WHAT IS YOUR COMPLAINT AGAINST THIS BOY?"
 Bluejacket. "WELL, SIR, AS I WAS A-WALKIN' AFT, THIS 'ERE BOY, 'E UP AN' CALLS ME A BLOOMIN' IDJIT. NOW, 'OW WOULD YOU LIKE TO BE CALLED A BLOOMIN' IDJIT, SUPPOSIN' YOU WAN'T ONE!"

A POLITE EDUCATION.

(Vide an article, "A plea for better instruction in Manners," in the current "Nineteenth Century.")

IN obedience to your instructions, writes our own Prophetic Interviewer, I journeyed to Chesterfield College, where our boys are taught that studied courtesy of manner, which, it is now recognised, is a far more necessary part of education than classics or mathematics. I was received by the Principal, who took great pains to explain his system to me.

"Yes," he said, in answer to my questions, "the greatest trouble is taken to ensure that every pupil shall be taught the very best kind of manners. Not only are lectures given daily on deportment and the art of polite conversation, but we see that the principles laid down are carried out even in play-time. In old days the conversation of boys while playing cricket or football used to be disgracefully crude and unpolished, but if you will kindly accompany me, I think I can show you how we have improved this feature of school-life."

So saying, he led the way to the cricket-ground, where the pupils of Chesterfield College were engaged in the national game. As I approached, one of the batsmen put away a ball through the slips.

"May I enquire, Sir," he asked, addressing the batsman at the other end, "whether in your opinion we should be justified in attempting a run?"

"I fear it is impossible," replied the other, which indeed it was, as by the time these speeches were finished, the ball was in the wicket-keeper's hands. However, both batsmen kept up their wickets, and the captain decided to make a change.

"SMITH Minor," he observed, addressing the bowler, "with infinite pain I am compelled to ask you to hand over the ball to Brown."

SMITH Minor bowed profoundly, and replied, "My greatest happiness, Sir, is to carry out your commands." And accordingly Brown went on to bowl. Shortly afterwards, one of the batsmen put up an easy chance to point, who, however, failed to hold the ball. "Butterfingers!" screamed a small boy in the out-field. The Principal turned towards him, angrily.

"Go indoors, Sir!" he cried, "and write out two hundred

lines for addressing one of your fellow-pupils in that unseemly manner."

Presently a ball struck a batsman's pad.

"How's that?" asked the bowler.

"JOHNSON!" cried the Principal, warningly.

"I mean to say," said the bowler, hastily correcting himself, "may I trouble you for your views as to the respective positions of the batsman's leg and the wicket?"

The Principal looked at me for approval. "Wonderful what an improvement our system makes, isn't it?" he said, "and it's so strange that the old barbarous language was tolerated at schools for so many years."

I congratulated him on his success and prepared to leave. As I did so, I noticed for the first time an inscription over the College gateway.

"That," said the Principal, "is an adaptation of a motto belonging to one of the schools of the bad old kind. It runs, you see, 'Mannersmaketh Prigs.'"

WELL, LONDON WAIT?—And if so, for how long, before the daily increasing ruffianism of the London "Larrikins," thieves, and roughs, both of the East and West End, is summarily dealt with and put down by *force majeure*? The sufferers in these districts are "intimidated," and dare not come forward to give evidence. According to the magistrate, a scoundrel may have his fingers in somebody else's pockets, but unless he succeeds in actually abstracting a halfpenny, he cannot be sentenced as a thief! Don't spare the cat, and then you'll spoil the little game of thieving, murderous Larrikins. If the magistrates' hands are so weak, let them be strengthened at once. Peace-abiding, police-supporting, rate-paying citizens are forced to form themselves into bodies of "specials" with police-drill. Why not patrol these districts with volunteers doing sentry-duty, and provided with a stout truncheon in place of side-arms? Probably, as is our way in England, no drastic measure will be adopted until murder has placed one of these ruffians of the Larrikins type in the hands of Mr. John Ketch. It seems that the magisterial and police policy is to give these pests as much rope as possible in the hope that they'll get one more length of hemp added to it on the gallows. But surely, is not prevention far better than cure?



SPEED THE PARTING GUEST.

"I have done the State some service, and they know 't."

Othello, Act V., Sc. 2.

Mr. Punch (with real emotion, to retiring American Ambassador).
"GOOD-BYE, YOUR EXCELLENCY, AND GOOD LUCK GO WITH YOU.
YOU WON'T FORGET US ON THE OTHER SIDE!"

OSTEND.

THERE are several ways of getting through the day at Ostend, where the day is about as long as at other seaside resorts, or perhaps rather longer. The simplest plan is to sit in the morning on the terrace of the Kursaal and chatter, till it is time to go to déjeuner, to do the same in the afternoon, till it is time to go to dinner, and to repeat this amusement in the evening, till it is time to go to bed. The next morning you begin again. In this way you avoid all needless exertion.

Another plan is, in the morning, to stand in the sea. If you are very brave you go in up to your waist, and if you are very strong you splash a little water on your chest, but you never wet your head for fear of hurting your hair. You may wear a straw hat as a protection from the sun, and, if you are a German, you may add a pair of spectacles. The only disadvantage of this plan is that about four thousand people want the four hundred bathing-machines. If you are a woman, you flounder about on wet sand and never get a cabine at all. If you are a man, you take off your boots and socks, wade in up to your knees, and pursue the machine in the water. The *chasse aux cabines* is fine exercise, but it is hardly luxurious. By standing in the sea you begin the day comfortably cool. In the afternoon you stand on the race-course, the pigeon-shooting ground, the pier, or the promenade, or you can sit down if you like. These pastimes make you considerably warmer. In the evening you have a choice of two places to stand in. One of them is the dancing-room of the Kursaal, where the temperature is about ninety degrees. You can dance if you wish. The other is the gambling-room, where the temperature is about one hundred and fifty degrees. You stand here in a dense crowd, reach over the heads of the few who have obtained chairs, and lose as many *louis* as you like.

A third system is to linger over your *café-au-lait* till it is nearly time for déjeuner, to prolong your déjeuner with coffee and liqueurs until about the time of the *stock* clock, when you have a glass of port, or a *scherry gobbler*, and, beginning dinner soon after seven, to go on with this till half-past ten, or later, when all the other diners have left the restaurant, and the weary

waiters have piled all the other chairs upon all the other tables. But this system will ruin your system after a time.

It is believed by some that there are excellent concerts in the Kursaal every evening from 7.30 to 9. But to hear them at such an impossible time one must go without dinner altogether, which no one can do. In fact, there is reason to believe that nobody ever did get to these concerts. Once, when VANDERBLANK and I had rather hurried over our coffee and cigarettes in his *vérande*—the *vérandas* of Ostend are very pleasant in hot weather—we arrived at the Kursaal just in time to see some men with violins disappearing from the orchestra. Since then I have considered myself rather an authority on the Ostend concerts, having got as near hearing one as that.

ROBINSON THE ROVER.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

If the title had not been appropriated in quite other regions, Mrs. HUMPHRY WARD might well, my Baronite imagines, have called her last novel *The Runaway Girl*. At all critical epochs of her interesting life the heroine of *Helbeck of Bannisdale* (SMITH, ELDER) runs away. Thus she bolts when her unwelcome lover, Hubert Mason, wants to conduct her over the sands. She flies from Bannisdale after she has accepted the offer of its lord's hand; and at last—No, it would not be fair even to hint at the "at last." But this is so frivolous, and there is nothing of frivolity about this story. It is rather a stately narrative of a profound tragedy in two human lives. Both are skilfully drawn. *Laura Fountain*, with her bright nature, her capacity for overwhelming love, and her agnostic training; *Helbeck*, a bit of old tapestry hung on the walls of a nineteenth century room. He has depths of love even more plumbless than she, and he is a Catholic born and bred, a man with a private chapel attached to his ancient home, where mass is said every morning, the house swarming with priests. It will be seen that here is a difficult situation, rough-hewn and finished with a master hand.

Dicky Monteith, by TOM GALLON (where's HARRY? HUTCHINSON, the publisher, my Baronite supposes, makes up the immortal triumvirate), is none of your novels with a purpose, freckled with women with a past. It is a right-down, downright melodramatic story, in which the wicked are punished even in this world, and injured innocence comes to its own. *Dicky* is an amiable, good-hearted, not particularly strong-headed fellow, who has muddled away his own and other people's money. After which, he works apparently twenty-four hours a day, earns very little, and shares it with the poor. A leading character in the transpontine plot is a little maid, a cross between the slavey in *Our Boys* and *Dick Swiveller's* unapproachable friend, the Marchioness. Also there is a guardian-angel sort of young lady, who thinks nothing of surreptitiously conveying to the man she loves mysterious envelopes containing notes for £100, and finally draws a cheque for £2,500 to save him from what the little maid aforesaid calls "the Coppers." A pretty story, with plot skilfully complicated.

THE BARON DE B.-W.

FURTHER RULES REGULATING THE CONDUCT OF BARRISTERS.

(Not submitted at the Recent General Meeting, but for use during the Long Vacation.)

A COUNSEL finding himself in the presence of laymen, must lay down the law on every conceivable subject.

In carrying the above aim into execution, he will set a General right about Army concerns, a sailor about things appertaining to the Navy, and a civilian upon all other matters.

To keep up the dignity of the profession, a barrister must never permit himself to be contradicted, and insist upon his word being accepted as law.

As a matter of professional etiquette, it is undesirable to give your opinion upon any point of law unless you are quite sure that you know nothing whatever about it.

It is advisable to be civil to the other branch of the profession, save in public, when you must remember that your right of audience in the superior courts does not run to the solicitors.

Although self-conceit is to be deprecated, it is well to remember that although officers of the Army and Navy are better educated than they used to be, culture in its highest form is the exclusive property of the Bar.

If a counsel meets another counsel without recognising his forensic degree while they are both engaged in discussing an acquaintance in Common's dinner, he will oppose his fellow guest to the death until he discovers his mistake, when he will join his "learned friend" in sitting upon the rest of the company.

Finally, all men are equal, as a rule, but a barrister is invariably an exception in particular.

Martell's

"Three Star"

Brandy.



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EPPS'S
CRATEFUL—COMFORTING
COCOA
BREAKFAST—SUPPER.

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ACARIC SELF-ADJUSTING SOCK SENDER. No elastic round leg to give various veins. In silk only. See Acaric Trade Mark is on Stock and Clip. Protected by Patents and Trade Marks at Home and Abroad.

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GOLDEN BRONZE HAIR.

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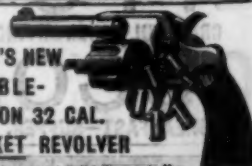
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